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C. E. WEBSTER, EDITOR.

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HABEAS CORPUS.

The spirit of philosophy which distinguishes the present age from the primeval of the world, is manifest in the advanced condition of law and protection of personal rights. The world advances daily in civilization, and fast the nations of the remote East are opening their eyes to true sensibility. That government is the purest which does not infringe the rights of the subject, but respects them as the very basis of its stability and prosperity.

The AMERICAN CONSTITUTION is especially bound to respect our individual rights: its noble principles were founded in our country's birth: its philosophical depth is its democracy. It respects the ruler and the ruled as co-equal in rights; and the attempts of the one to infringe the rights of the other are repelled by common law supported by an indignant people. The CONSTITUTIONAL privilege of the *habeas corpus* is one that has excited much discussion in this country, but it is not our purpose here to argue the political questions of the day, to censure or laud any one; but simply as a law admitting of suspension, and to argue the proper authority of such suspension. Being as it is, the pure, unalloyed privilege of the subject, and there-

fore he feels some interest in its condition. The *habeas corpus* is a writ that "keeps us from illegal imprisonment," and opens the Courts of Justice to every criminal, in order that he may, if possible, release himself from imprisonment. It was first established in the Parliament of Charles II., which ordered the jailor upon direction to produce the body with such causes for its detention as he possessed, in order that the Judges might be informed as to the weight of the evidence and the legality of the committal. In order that this writ should be respected by the Courts, it was positively enacted that no Judge should, under penalty of a heavy fine, deny any one this legal privilege.

Now in the formation of the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION the founders felt convinced that their duty was to form laws equally acceptable to all sections, and looking to the one object—our national prosperity. They had thrown off the loathsome shackles of tyranny, and stood in a land bought by human blood. They so well realized their positions as to know that their duty was to their country's good. They had seen their fathers and brothers the recipients of illegal indignities and denied the immunities of all law. They saw the clouds of corruption and prejudice that hovered around the temple of Justice. Now convinced of all those illegalities; insulted by a tyrannical nation, could they have established a Constitution declaring our individual rights to be in subjection, since they composed the main object of all strife?

The writ of *habeas corpus* in our Constitution was evidently borrowed as the democratic principle of English law. It is therefore supposable that the founders of our government were well informed on the English Constitution and the decisions of jurists. They knew that the Pretender marched his hostile army almost to the Throne itself; and here, in this emergency, when the country was tossed to and fro by internal, domestic enemies, that the suspension of all liberal writs was essential. But, with all these dangers around them, Parliament deliber-

ated for a long time, and suspended the writ.* If the Crown itself could not suspend the writ when its own existence was in question—when an intruding enemy was almost at its very feet,—how much less, in a land of greater freedom, could this all-important writ have been placed in the power of the executive? Art. 1, Sec. IX, clause 2, is the only part of our Constitution which refers to the right of the subject to have a hearing upon demand. The clause, without any concomitant evidence, is vague and indefinite. But taking all the circumstances that are associated with it, direct or lateral, we have a plain clause. I. The formation of our government, and all the hardships and privations during the reign of George. II. The unconquerable desire to release ourselves from foreign domination, and the causes of that desire. III. That in a change of government the leaders are almost universally enthusiasts: they never observe things with moderation, but always plunge into the depths of their theories. IV. That a government ruled by public dictation—democratic—was so forcible that all necessary and profitable privileges were granted to the subject in order that individual freedom might be the basis of our national prosperity.

There are times, we all will admit, when the suspension of the *habeas corpus* becomes necessary. But the question here arises, what department of government possesses the power of suspending it? Our government was divided into three departments—EXECUTIVE, LEGISLATIVE and JUDICIAL. The business of the Executive is faithfully to execute all the laws; the Judicial, to decide all questions arising under the Constitution; and the Legislative to make all needful laws respecting our nation. The Legislative is the representative body, and therefore they express the will of the people. It is the political body of the land—the instrument through which the peo-

* De Lolme Eng. Con. 424.

ple themselves directly rule. The suspension of all laws and other necessary actions conducive to national good, are of themselves of a political nature; and we have seen that the Legislative is the body politic of the land: therefore it necessarily alone possesses the power of action. Judge STORY has said, in his disquisitions on the American Constitution, it seems that the power is given to Congress to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases of rebellion and invasion: that the right to judge whether the exigency had arisen must *exclusively* belong to that body.* The Courts unexceptionably agree that the legal right to suspend Constitutional writs belongs "alone to Congress." Chief Justice MARSHAL has decided "that if at any time the public safety should require the suspension of the powers vested by this act in the Courts of the United States, it was for the Legislative to say so. The question depends upon political considerations in which the Legislative is to decide. Until the Legislative will be expressed, the Court can only see its duty and obey the laws."†

It has been argued in opposition to the Legislative power that as our government is divided into three co-equal and co-ordinate departments, a decision emanating from the Executive cannot be questioned by the Judicial. The premise is correct, for it is universally acknowledged that the departments of our government are co-equal. But by admitting this, we do not accept the opposite interpretation; for things may be co-equal, yet not the same: they may possess equal powers, but not necessarily the same powers. For, if this argument were true, each department would possess the combined authorities, which is obviously opposed to our form of government. The Executive possesses no legal authority to reverse decisions of the Courts,—no authority to establish law,—but simply to act faithfully in their proper execution. The legal-

* Story's Com., sec. 1836.

† *Ex-parte*, Bollman and Swartwouth.

ity of the decision rendered by the Court against President Jackson was acknowledged by the paying of the fine imposed. Here is a manifest recognition that Executive has no right to act in opposition to the judgments of the Courts. In English law the case of Mr. Selden is prominent. He was arrested for conspiracy, by the order of His Majesty, through the Lords of the Privy Counsel. The criminal was brought on *habeas corpus* before the Chief Justices, who, after the hearing, released him from imprisonment in direct opposition to the order of the King.* Here is established the principle that no executive part of a government can possess judicial authority; and further, that the judgments of the Court must be obeyed by the Executive. In the flagrant conspiracy of BURR, it was thought necessary to suspend the privileges of the *habeas corpus*; but the power of decision was then thought to be with Congress. President Jefferson communicated with Congress, distinctly saying that he possessed no power of suspending laws.

If this suspension was in the power of the Executive, it would make our individual freedom theoretical instead of practical. Prejudice would become our common enemy; and that which we implacably abhor, as the destroyer of national tranquility—oppression—would be so connected with our social welfare as submissiveness would be the only enjoyment possible. Theoretical liberty is opposed directly to our governmental institutions and to that part of the “AMERICAN MAGNA CHARTA” which says “to secure the BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY to ourselves and our POSTERITY.”

But even if this clause in our national law is not sufficiently satisfactory with all its connected evidence, and even if the analogous laws of each State do not convince us of the proper legal interpretation, then we find that the Supreme Court has the power of deciding all questions arising under the Constitu-

* Blackstone, vol. III, 133-34.

tion. Then waiving all other testimony we have decisions of Justices Marshal and Taney, and the opinions of Judge Story, and in so many words that "until the legislative will be expressed the Court can only see its duty and obey the laws."

The Executive possesses no power to act in opposition to the decrees of the Court. The act of seventeen hundred and ninety-five grants no judicial power; but simply that in extreme cases the President can judge of the expediency of calling out the militia to execute the laws of the land. This is the only power given him, and even this is null in the time Congress is in session. Yet there is no power to act against the laws or to suspend them at option.

We are too apt to view this all-important writ as one of trivial importance. We think that we ourselves are safe from the infringement of the law; and those in power will so well study our interests that we can be neglectful or unmindful of them. We have so long enjoyed this individual freedom, which is national and inherent, that we are insensible to the fact that it can be held in check. We are bound by indissoluble ties to our government, and little do we think that our liberty will be checked, our individual freedom usurped, and our homes made unhappy by the absence of legal protection. There are things inconceivable which it is almost impossible to consider as rational. Yet our pride and thoughtless has led us into the gloomy course of decaying nations, whilst our eyes are dazzled by all else except the glory of God Almighty. Yesterday we were glorying in our prosperity and enjoying all the indescribable benefits of peace; to-day we are surrounded with the horrors of intestine war. These have all come when least expected and least desired.

Let us know that we have rights absolute and relative, and that the beauty and stability of our government is based on the fact that the subject is the ruler of the land; and this peculiar power, so different from other nations, is the true source

of all prosperity. Through these absolute and relative rights our people possess national glory and national perfectability. Our individual rights is the moral cause of all our perfection; for when we know that over us is the strong, protecting arm of the law, we must feel a profounder interest in our nation, and own it with an incomparable affection. "God first and my country next," is the universal principle of all those who live in the fear of God and respect of national law. But the infringement of our dearest rights in opposition to our specific form of government has a stigmatizing effect upon all true patriots; more so since born and matured under the protection of Freedom's laws and in the enjoyment of liberty. Then as freemen we look upon our liberal Constitutional privileges as the nation's life, and respect them as the pure, unalloyed source of our national perfectability. Southey and Coleridge may have supposed that their theory of the American "Pantisocracy" was a dream. Yet we have here a government as pure as humanity with all its philosophy can form. Let us respect our laws, and compel our rulers to respect them. Then if, by unforeseen events, our form of government should be abolished, we will say, in the language of Moore:

"Nay, when the Constitution has expired,
I'll call in men by liberty inspired,
To chant old "Habeas Corpus" by my side,
And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?"

MORNING.

There's something in the soft, pale light
That greets the earth at early morn,
The crimson blush that gilds the sky,
Announcing that the day is born;
There's something in the first fresh kiss
Upon the mountain's rugged brow,
That fills my soul with silent awe,
To see the dark night fading now.

The dew drops, with a laughing face,
So brightly twinkle in the heather,
The birds expose their plumage fair,
And warbling soar aloft together :
The barn-yard fowl, the grazing herd,
Each sing their own peculiar lay,
All nature in one gladsome strain,
With matins greet the breaking day.

From water-fall that leaps the rock,
And surging mutters far below,
There comes a spray to meet the light,
And form o'erhead the bright rainbow :
While from the streams that silent flow,
Meandering through the quiet glen
They mirror heaven back again.

Thus, morn in rosy mantle clad,
Bathes all fair nature with its light,
And from the vaults that arch the sky,
Draws back the veil of gloomy night.
Let earth rejoice, and mortals too,
For blessings on them bounteous cast,
Hope on, and in the future view
The morn that shall forever last.

SIGMA.

BIGOTRY OF THE PRESENT AGE.

But a few centuries ago, the spirit of bigotry and intolerance was all-prevalent. It was fostered in the hearts of the people by the despotic character of their institutions and government, but took its root in pride and love of rule—ever dominant principles with men. It equally pervaded all classes, sects and ranks, and may be as easily detected on the side of truth as on that of error.

Though especially manifested in religious belief, it may be recognized elsewhere : as it was a ruling passion with the people, and governed them in all their dealings, so powerful was the spirit, that its most frequent expression was persecution ; the champions of the faith regarded it as their heaven-sent

duty to burn all believers at the stake. It never seemed to suggest itself to any, not even to the most enlightened, that, above all things, a man should be left to follow the dictates of his own conscience.

Such a spirit, deeply imbedded in the hearts of all, and carefully instilled in the minds of each rising generation, plunged the world into a gloomy darkness and prolonged to an unnatural extent the existence of despotisms. At length, in the midst of the darkness, the sun of liberty and toleration arose; but its beams were shed upon but few hearts. Since then, however, its light has been growing brighter and brighter: its rays have been spreading farther and farther with each succeeding generation. Bigotry is now the conclusive proof of a contracted mind; a few centuries ago it was no criterion, for all men were bigots.

The spirit of intolerance does not, for it dare not, now manifest itself in the violent forms of persecution which it was formerly wont to assume. There are martyrs now, but it is not their lives they resign. It now takes to itself a less bloody, but hardly less shocking garb, as it expresses itself more in words than in actions.

It has many expressions, and in all of them it may easily be detected. The way in which a bigot most frequently declares himself, perhaps, is in an arrogance of demeanor in conversing with his opponents. The peculiar tone of his conversation gives indication of a spirit which may find expression in something like this: "I cannot conceive how you can hold such opinions as you profess, much less persist in them. Do you not see that you are plainly in the wrong, since *I* am your opponent? Your obstinacy is unaccountable and inexcusable." Then to the bigot all opponents, from the very fact of their opposition, are ever in the wrong. He thus practically lays claim to infallibility. The liberal man, on the other hand, treats with respect the opinions of his opponent, and by his

manner assures him that there is an equal probability of both being in the wrong; thus he discusses with him the point of difficulty in all kindness, and adopts in fact the only method producing conviction.

Another frequent manifestation of this spirit is an unwillingness to make due allowance for the various influences of birth, position and surroundings, in moulding one's opinions and belief. The bigot would have all judged by the same standard, and would have the same required of all, whether much or little be given to them. The man of liberal mind believes that to each there is a different standard, and that privilege should be consulted in measuring responsibilities.

Again: the bigot shows himself in being unwilling that both sides should be fairly stated, and that his opponents should be allowed equal privileges with himself in declaring the ground of their opinions.

He would have all mouths stopped forcibly, if need be, that would utter any views dissimilar to his own; and all ears closed against opposing sentiments. He believes that freedom of speech and of the press was designed for his sect or party alone; and that to extend it to others is to abet heresy and treason. In many instances, indeed, the bigot becomes such by refusing permission to one side's being heard, in his own mind.

He thus becomes one-sided—an extremist,—and eventually runs into fanaticism, a species of bigotry. That a bigot should be conservative in his views is a contradiction in terms; and though we may not say that all extremists are bigots, yet it is undeniable that when a man becomes ultra in any of his opinions, there is a great probability that he will be intolerant of all who oppose him.

These are but a few, the most frequent manifestations of bigotry as it exists at the present day. In this age of enlightenment and this land of liberty, this spirit, whatever guise it

may assume, must shock and disgust, and whenever it is felt springing up in any heart, it should be instantly and completely eradicated.

EPIC POETRY.

The cardinal virtue in a writer is conciseness. As a man takes the shortest road to his place of business, casting but a passing glance upon the flowers and adornments of the wayside, so the seeker after intellectual truth wants to get at the meaning of his author as quickly as possible. Truly he loves the flowers and statuary of language, but equally dislikes to have those ornaments become a hindrance to his grasping the sought-for truth. Conciseness, even if all other virtues be wanting, is of itself a recommendation to any work. Especially is it a recommendation in Epic Poetry. For the epic style, with all its opportunities for dilating upon the brilliant acts of the hero, has an especial tendency to wordiness. But even description becomes more beautiful and more suggestive as it becomes more concise; for the imagination supplies what the words leave unsaid, and adds to the picture more than the word-painter himself could have added.

We are accustomed to look back to antiquity for examples of epic poetry. Homer and Virgil have been so lauded to the skies, that men have overlooked the epics of the English tongue. Yet are the English epics far more concise, if not more beautiful, than those of the ancients, and every lover of literature must grieve that past years have been so careless as to leave unrecorded the names of their authors. One there is, just now suggested to me, authorless it is true, but nevertheless valuable and suggestive. Its conciseness is remarkable. While Homer devotes page after page to the death of Achilles

the no less tragic fate of our *two* heroes is summed up in six lines :

Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling arter.

How beautiful, how short, how suggestive, the narrative ! How many hundred questions does it give rise to in the mind ! What say you, reader, shall we look at a few of them ? And first, *why* did these fellows go to fetch a pail of water ? Now, "the utility of every action, according to Sir Wm. Hamilton, is two-fold—absolute and relative ; absolute in being a good in itself, and relative in being a means to some other good." The absolute utility of the act consisted then in the value of the water itself, and of the strength to be gained in doing it ; the relative utility is to be found in the sustenance and support to life derived from the water (if indeed it was fit to drink,) and in the consciousness of having done a good action. Second, why did Jack and Gill go *together* to get the water ? It may be that they both went to keep each other company. Who knows but that the road was stony ?—(it must have been to break his crown)—or perhaps they went at night, and in a dark night at that. The arguments to support this latter position are strong. (1.) It was probably in the winter time when it gets dark early, for a quantity of ice on the ground would materially aid in accounting for Jack's fall ; and if in the winter, Jack would not be likely to get back from work until dark. (2.) Jack would be more likely to fall in the evening, when tired with his day's work, than in the morning. (3.) Jack would have seen and avoided the obstacle which caused his fall, had he gone in daylight. (4.) In daylight Jack could have taken care to fall (if fall he must) so as not to break his crown. (5.) The water was probably obtained at night, because

it would be wanted in getting breakfast before he got up the next morning. But the suggestion that Jack wanted company on account of the darkness, implies that he was a coward, and such an implication upon the hero of the story cannot for a moment be tolerated. Why then did Gill go with Jack? Was Jack so weak as to need help in carrying an empty pail up hill, or a full one down hill? No! What then was the reason? The *a priori* and *a posteriori* proofs all seem to indicate that they went together because they were told to do so.

The poem tells us that Jack and Gill went *up* the hill, &c. Why up, rather than down the hill? Did ambition make them fond of ascending higher in the world?—or did they happen to live at the foot of the hill, while the spring was at the top? How the water got to the top of the hill we leave to our readers to ascertain.

They went to get a *pail* of water. This expression lets in a flood of light upon the date at which the poem was written. The word "pail" is of Saxon origin, and the poem must have been written since the Saxon conquest, and belongs to modern literature. But though the poem be of modern origin, pails are a very ancient institution. The Germans used buckets made of oxskin in the days of Tacitus, the Jews had buckets in the days of Moses, and even Tubal Cain, it is presumed, made buckets as well as other things out of brass.

The antiquity of buckets being satisfactorily settled, we come to the sequel of the story.

"Jack fell down."

"Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Then you and I and all of us did not fall down; but *Jack* fell down, and his fall is to be considered both subjectively and objectively; subjectively as regards its effects upon the body and mind of Jack—objectively as regards (I.) the causes which led to this fall; (a) the weight of the pail tending to throw the centre of grav-

ity away from the point of support; (*b*) the influence of the uniform and accelerating force of gravity, tending, on account of the excess of *p'* above *p*, to make the bucket go faster than Jack did; (*c*) the effect of a stony road, and (*d*) the effect of the darkness; and (II.) the effect of his fall upon the earth, his companion, and mankind generally. He detached a portion of the earth from its ancient bed, causing it to roll down the steep declivity, and spilt the water in his pail. His example made Gill come tumbling too, and his death deprived the world of a bright and shining light. Who knows but that Jack, had he lived, would have become

"Some village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, * * * *
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

And yet, after all these investigations, we have by no means exhausted the subject. There still remain questions of importance. How far down did Jack fall? What was the occasion of Gill's fall? Was Gill actuated to fall by a preponderating motive, or by the self-determining power of the will? We refer these questions, and all others that he may think of, to the philosophic mind of the reader.

Surely a poem at once so concise and suggestive is worthy a place among the master-pieces of English poetry. Beauty of diction has perhaps been sacrificed to vigor and force of expression; but what care we for the garment, if the substance beneath be solid and valuable. The poem is not a windy bag, but like the red hot iron, which sheds showers of beautiful sparks beneath the hammer of investigation.

But the poem is not lacking in another and an important feature. It has a grand and sublime moral. We are led to believe that Jack had got through the upward journey, had attained the object of his ambition in safety. The upward path, though difficult, is always safe. But the downward path

is always slippery and dangerous. It was because he was going down hill that he slipped and fell. Oh! my young readers, let this be a warning to you never to take a walk down hill at night.

E.

ON THE CLIFF.

I stood upon a foreign cliff,
I gazed out o'er the sea,
A breeze was blowing briskly,
The waves were rolling free;
White sails were in the offing,
Small boats were on the strand,
And sweetly sung the mountain boy
The songs of his native land.

The fishermen were spreading
Their nets upon the rocks,
And on the hill some shepherds
Were 'tending to their flocks;
The wild eagle soared aloft—
Then down upon his prey,
And the sea-fowl seemed to revel
As they fluttered through the bay.

Ah! memory then awakened
Strong feelings in my breast,
And I sought a shady place
Where to sit me down and rest.
I thought of those I loved,
Who in childhood used with me
To wander by the rugged cliff,
And watch the foamy sea.

I thought of friends and home,
As I gazed across the seas,
And I felt as though these kind words
Came floating on the breeze:
"Remember, youth, when far away,
Upon a foreign strand,
To think of those who loved you well
In your own, your native land."

APPRECIATION.

Next to the knowledge of the existence of things, comes the idea of relation and difference between objects, which become the ready basis of a comparison of their respective importance, and determine their estimation in the eyes of men. Especially among ourselves, the relation of superiority and inferiority is just as pervading a fact as that we are constituted to acknowledge it. Gradation is so consistent a law of the world that, as with the insight of intuition, we almost take the possibility of its discovery for granted. True as it is in one sense that all men are created equal, it is quite as true that to mortal eye there is a scale of humanity. And among objects which we contemplate in the character of men or the qualities of things, there is every degree in the rising scale from the incomparably hideous to the transcendently glorious and sublime.

Plain as is the statement of this proposition, there are some classes of men who practically, and in a great part, ignore it. This comparative worth, to which we have alluded, is submitted the judgment, which, when its action is healthful and appropriate, weighs the examined attributes, computes their values, and decides their relations. By the disuse or abuse of this noble faculty, two classes are led fatally into error, because they put everything almost upon a par, the limit or degree of goodness and fault being that which their taste, diseased in the different ways we shall mention, assigns.

There is, first, your *sentimentalist*, whose mind ranks every object of notice as of the first importance; at least their refined expressions seem to indicate this. Whether it be that they never deign to notice, or, as is more likely, that they overestimate common occurrences, you would certainly never learn from them that such things were. To their eye every picture is highly colored; every star in their landscape is a star of the first magnitude. As for simple, plain matters, they are

overlooked or rather miscalled. But no wonder if, rejecting the balance-wheel of judgment, they are the nerveless and inconstant sport of every wind. If you listen to them, you will find that which you regarded as simply pretty is magnificent, while the ill-favored has degenerated into the horrible. You were mistaken in the simple although well-sustained interest of this narrative, for it proves to be intensely thrilling, and the commendable effort has been transformed to the splendid. They are horrified, if not dumb-struck at every little surprise, impervious to any sensation but the most exquisite; and in the art of temporary monomania thorough adepts. They are ecstatic when others are glad, dignified when others are hardened enough to be only displeased, and under an ordinary-sized affliction of life, they are little short of demented.

Perhaps this tendency is never more painfully shown than as it is associated with the passion of fear. Because judgment is deposed, every suspicion, being devoured by a greedy imagination and feeding it with expanding images, becomes an object of terror. The painful fact and the foolish cause in brief, they create contingencies and then tremble at them; reason, lodged now on the back of fancy, does not restrain. Now all this and much more is simply foolish, often wicked. Who bestowed on them the ethereal magic to level and transform the uneven road of life, and soar or sink above all men below? When God has made the changing year to proclaim His handiwork, and given us the various climates each in its season; what right have they to dwell forever in intolerable sun or snow? Laying aside its uselessness and folly, and its tendency to corrupt language, this habit is inexcusable for another reason. If words are taxed to express our ordinary and usual experiences, what words will be used in case of the extraordinary and rare? If language fails to depict the slight suffering of a day, what words will be used in the unutterable agonies of a death-hour? Let sublime be the title of a dream, then view the indeed sub-

lime creation and describe it. The fact is, language was intended for the wants, not the whims, of men. Let them waste then the words of strength and beauty and force on meagre things, and think it a little thing to defy accuracy and confound the great and small, but they will receive the unsatisfying draught into the "broken cistern" which will hold no water, and the etherial dream of bliss at least dissolve before the contact of material hands. We conclude this description by quoting in the way of exemplification from Mrs. Browning, who, although she employed strong expressions for her thoughts, always meant to be faithful in her earnestness:

"We over-state the ills of life, and take
IMAGINATION, given us to bring down
The choirs of singing angels, overshadowed
By God's clear glory—down our earth to rake
The dismal snows instead; flake following flake
To cover all the corn. We walk upon
The shadow of hills across a level thrown,
And pant like climbers. Near the alder-brake
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.
O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking, vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of GRIEF!—holy herein,
That by the grief of One came all our good."

But as this class employ only extreme expressions, as if the world were alternately a paradise and a pandemonium, instead of rarely either, the next fall into the opposite error of undervaluing the importance and nature of blessings and burdens by placing them too generally—especially the former—all on the level of the most ordinary incidents. We will call them *depreciators*. To them life is invariably dull and dry. They never warmly approve, nor earnestly disapprove, because their judgment is so ill-balanced and untrusty that it pronounces almost every matter trivial. To their sleepy sensibilities, enthusiasm is a phenomenon sufficient to excite apprehen-

sion. To such understandings superlatives would be out of place, as expressive of emotions which are only imaginary, or rather which they never realize. For, to tell the truth, that is the very dilemma, that they have been led to imagine from the description of others, and to form an idea of the brilliant, striking or grand. At first sight, the vision seemed to be fulfilled, but only to prove deceptive. On closer acquaintance the objects are discovered to be ordinary if not worthless, and humph! becomes the watch-word of their discontent. Thus familiar blessings and familiar trials turn as tasteless as they are trite. Now nothing will wake them but an earthquake, and so they ignore the merits and decry the claims of everything common, ordinary or long-used. Disappointed in the expectation of impracticable forces, the eye of the judgment is closed, the veil is drawn over the real virtues of objects, and the heart, in a sort of chilled companionship with itself, is satisfied with indifference, because not sensitive for despair. Self-excluded from the evidence of the existence of anything striking or imposing, they decide that nothing such is attainable here or to them, and although it is allowed that to more favored persons or places there may belong the fruition of the privileges for which they sigh, yet when tried these degenerate to the insipidness of the rest. This picture, like the first, may be precisely true for only the worst cases, but in some degree or other, perhaps, is applicable to quite a numerous class.

Now a life with little or no care or comfort to support, is itself only supportable. There is not the least of a practical bearing in such a depreciation as this. The sleepy disposition, which allows itself to underrate the importance of things, because they do not disturb its own lethargy, may anticipate but will never realize reform. They look for a faultlessness which can never be discovered in the region of fact on earth, and consequently their plans must fail of results. Besides their unpractical character, they have an evil influence over those

whom, although naturally buoyant and energetic, they have it in their power to discourage and thwart. But, perhaps, worst of all, concession to these irregular and mock decisions is allied to *ingratitude*, the indifference and hardihood of which are less commendable than the abstract yet sensitive sentimentalism. Bad as reckless and gratuitous enthusiasts are, the unfeeling are worse. "Feeling without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition."

Let, then, feeling be so tempered by judgment, and judgment so enlivened by feeling, that neither, exaggerated at the expense of the other, may derange that union and adjustment, which is as important to our own happiness, as to the usefulness of the faculties themselves.

SHERMON.

HOPE—A VISION.

"Hope tells a flattering tale."

As on we march upon life's dreary road,
With hast'ning step to reach our last abode,
We oft recall the pleasant days of yore,
And dream that other joys are yet in store.
We picture to ourselves wealth, honor, fame,
A splendid mansion or a glorious name,
And as we journey on, with steady gaze,
Delighting in the thoughts of happier days,
Our hopes grow brighter with increasing power,
And give contentment to the present hour.

In yonder vale, within our pathway lies
The goal we seek for, or a paradise.
But as we nearer and still nearer go,
It proves a phantom and an empty show.
We search the realms of Future's broad expanse,
And 'neath its hidden veil, we cast a glance,
As those vast structures Hope for us has wrought,
Those "airy castles" Time soon tells are nought.

Hope leads us on in golden paths to stray,
Driving all sadness from our hearts away,
Cheers the sick patient on his lonely bed,
Comforts his soul, and soothes his aching head,
Bids him await, till time restores the bloom
Of health and vigor—Nature's choicest boon.
The youth looks forth, for many a pleasant year,
And fancies he'll enjoy a long career ;
But e'er his conscience wakens to his doom,
Pale Death draws near, and lays him in the tomb.
Hope builds our trust in other realms than this,
Where all is sunshine, happiness and bliss.
There joys eternal, always must prevail,
And hope no longer tell a flattering tale.

GREGORIUS.

SECESSION NEWSPAPERS.

The recent action of our Government in suppressing certain public journals, well known as open and avowed advocates of the doctrine of Secession, and as abettors of those who have attempted by force of arms to rend in sunder the glorious fabric of the Union, has in some quarters been condemned as an infringement on the sacred right of a Free Press. These opponents of the Administration affect to consider the present issue as one of party strife alone. Hence they presume to interpret public acts as those of the dominant party, and the particular act of suppressing disunion newspapers as one of unjustifiable tyranny against its former political enemies. But the complete unison of public sentiment, and the almost utter annihilation of previously existing party lines, shows that this is not the true state of the case. The only line of demarkation now known is between Union and Disunion. Party issues are all abandoned. It is now the Nation struggling with its foes. The question now arises, Shall our Government

tolerate in these portions of the land, where its jurisdiction is undisputed, prints by their own declaration hostile to it and in sympathy with its enemies? It is to be remembered that our country is at present placed in most extraordinary circumstances. The conditions of a state of war are ever different from those of a state of profound peace. This remark has peculiar force in respect to a crisis like that which now exists, when the very life of the Nation is imperilled.

The Government is engaged in the work of quelling a rebellion disguised under the name of Secession. Its authority has been repudiated, where it was before recognized. It is therefore at war with its enemies;—a war rendered necessary as well for the preservation of popular rights and privileges as for the maintenance of its dignity and position among nations. We ask, then, is it consistent with this policy—a policy to which it has been compelled in self-defence—that it should suffer the so-called “peace” organs in the loyal North to preach Secession, and to afford all the aid and comfort in their power to the disunion conspirators? Does not true wisdom teach us that we must first crush out the doctrine where it is as yet but in embryo, if we would expect successfully to deal with it in its fullness and maturity? If a crime in the one case, is it not also in the other?

We have before adverted to the changes which war makes in the relations of a State. In our own land the President is, by virtue of his office, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. His authority is, therefore, greatly increased. It is that of a military commander, subject, however, to the Constitution. The reason for this is obvious; exigencies may and do occur which it is essential to meet vigorously and at the moment when they arise, and to meet which in this manner would be impossible by the ordinary machinery of Law. This fact—that in time of war the functions of the Executive are too much enlarged—argues his right to interfere with the

free exercise of privileges, the interference with which in time of peace would be improper and unlawful, rendered justifiable only in so far as the public safety demands it.

We take it to be a principle of prime importance that the preservation of national life and integrity, or in other words, the maintenance of governmental authority within its proper limits, is of far greater consequence than the temporary exercise of any single right, and that where the two conflict the latter must succumb to the former. The grand principle, of which this is a specific statement, holds good in the ordinary affairs of life. Men are willing to sacrifice a limb rather than that death should come upon the whole body. Let us explain our meaning with regard to the case in hand. It is clear, without argument, that to admit the doctrine of Secession is practically to make the existence of the central Government a myth, a great unmeaning farce. It in fact nullifies the Constitution, as a candid perusal of that document will show. In this view does it become necessary to prove to the enlightened reader that to permit the libellous breathings of our Northern secession organs would be, in the highest degree, detrimental to the public safety? Are they not avowedly in the service of the Rebellion?

The objection is here made that the right of Free Press is incorporated in the Constitution itself, which the President has taken oath "to preserve, protect and defend." He therefore may in no case transcend its limitations. But the Constitution is no less clear and explicit on the subject of Treason also. According to it, this crime does not consist merely in the open act of levying war against the United States. "Adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," completes the definition. Now we submit whether this does not most emphatically embrace the case of those journals of which we are speaking. If unrestrained, they will be able to do much in weakening the cause of the Union among loyal citizens, and

in so far of strengthening that of the rebels. Their efforts tend directly to the evoking of a "peace" party in the loyal North which would undoubtedly seriously cripple the action of the Government and than which we can conceive of no more substantial way of affording "aid" to the enemies of the Republic.

Not, however to insist on a point which appears obvious, we return to the Constitutional guarantee for freedom of the Press, which is: "Congress shall have no power to pass laws abridging freedom of speech or of the Press." In proof that this clause gives no sanction to the principles which we are combatting, we quote from the great expounder of the Constitution, Chief-Justice Story. After denying in most emphatic terms that it was "intended to secure to every citizen an absolute right to speak or write, or print whatever he might please without responsibility, public or private, therefor," he proceeds to enumerate some of the abuses to which the Press would be carried, if such a doctrine were put in practical application. He concludes the enumeration with the following, as if it were the crowning crime of the whole: "A man," he says, "might stir up sedition, rebellion, and treason, even against the Government itself, in the wantonness of his passions or the corruption of his heart."* His construction of the Constitution on this subject is that it "imports no more than that every man shall have a right to speak, write and print his opinions upon any subject whatsoever without prior restraint, and so always that he does not thereby disturb the peace, or attempt to subvert the Government." It is unnecessary here to argue that Secession is an "attempt to subvert the Government, and that the so-called "peace" journals are most effectually co-operating in the unholy work.

But what good will forbearance do? Let those answer who lift up their hands with pious horror at what they are pleased

* Comm. Vol. 3d.

to term an encroachment on "inalienable rights." They tell us that to interfere in any way with freedom of the Press is to strike a blow at Constitutional Liberty in the earth, and that tolerance is the only true course to be pursued. It is a noticeable fact, however, that these zealous objectors, while they are unable to find words with which to express their detestation of the acts of the Administration, are altogether silent in regard to that monstrosity of crime—secession—which, comprehending all other public crimes in itself, transcends them all in degree of baseness. We do not see how any privilege will be secure when such a crime is tolerated, or how a Free Press, thus grossly prostituted, can fail ere long to involve itself and society in one common destruction.

We conclude with a brief extract from the recent very timely discussion of this subject by that patriotic and *conservative* statesman, the Hon. Edward Everett. He says: "We ought to remember that in tolerating a traitorous press among ourselves, we practice a liberality which awakens no gratitude at home, and it is never reciprocated by the opposing party. It is, in fact, an absurdity in terms, under the venerable name of liberty of the press, to permit the systematic and licentious abuse of a Government which is tasked to the utmost in defending the country from general disintegration and political chaos."

THE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

Our readers must not suppose by the title of this essay, that we intend to enter into any lengthened analysis, or to attempt any skillful delineation of the poetry of him, who has been justly styled "the father of English poetry." But our object is merely to give a short sketch of the products of his genius,

and to portray, upon the canvas of literature, some of those gems of beauty, the fame of which even yet fills the world, though after a lapse of five centuries; and when the works of English cotemporaries, in all but the name, have floated down the stream of time and rolled into the great ocean of oblivion.

Chaucer flourished during the reign of Edward the Third, and was one of the retinue of his court, and was therefore versed in all the courtly accomplishments of the day. This accounts for the spirit of high and chivalrous courtesy which everywhere pervades his writings, and makes us feel when perusing them that he disdained all the petty arts by which poetasters of the present day try to elevate themselves to a seat on Mount Parnassus.

At an early date of his acquaintance at court, the King sent him on a mission of importance to Italy, and it was while there that he founded that love of Italian poetry, which has always been a distinguishing characteristic of his own poetry. He does not seem to have admired Dante much, nor to have imitated him. The poetry of Dante was of too sublime an order for the simple genius of Chaucer. But he rather admired the passionate lays of the lover of Laura, and the good-humored verses of Boccacio, the latter of whom he no doubt closely studied and imitated in a great measure, as some of his poems bear a remarkable resemblance to the "*Il Decameron*." Not that we think, however, that his Italian imitations in any way affect the beauty of his verse, but rather add a grace and charm of expression to the somewhat harsh style of his Anglo-Saxon.

The poetry of Chaucer, though written five hundred years ago, and the greater part of it in a tongue almost obsolete from the modern improvements in English verse, is still admired and read to a greater extent than any poem of mediæval England, if we may except Spenser's "*Faerie Queen*." The beauty and accuracy of Chaucer's verse are beyond all praise; the num-

bers flow into each other with a graceful smoothness, accompanied by such a raciness of manner and geniality of humor that in some measure compensate for his long digressions, which might prove tedious to the ear and burdensome to the memory. Chaucer never seeks to rise high in the imagination of the reader; his poems are not begirt with any high soarings of the ærial fancy; never does he raise us to the highest pitch of imagination, nor cast down

"Those high-bullt hopes that crush us by their fall,"

but he flows along gentle and easy, beguiling us with his soft and passionate strains of tender fancy, which steal upon our senses like the incense of flowers at the first blush of morn.

As was said before, his writings are Italianized in some measure by his imitations of Petrarch and Boccacio, having infused into his poetry the passionate warmth and tender expressions of the one, and the light story-telling humor of the other. His idea of the "Canterbury Tales" is without doubt taken from the "Il Decameron" of Boccacio, on which, however, he has greatly improved.

The word *Decameron* means ten days, and is from the Greek *δέκα* (ten) and *ἡμέρα* (a day); and the plan of the story is that ten young persons travelling into the country for their health, remained ten days, during which time they amused themselves with telling stories to divert each other. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" represent thirty persons travelling on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, the poet himself being one of the number. The characters are drawn from every stage, and well represent the manners and customs of those days. On their way they stopped at an inn at Southwark, called the Tabard, and there they made the agreement that every one should relate a story, both in going and returning, so that the "Canterbury Tales" were to consist of sixty in all, but many are lost or incomplete.

Chaucer has shown a fertility of invention and an exuberance of fancy in the grouping of his characters seldom equalled. Each one is drawn with a nice discrimination, and the circumstances are so varied by touches of good-humored satire (particularly at the clergy) that one is generally more delighted than annoyed by the length of the stories. Chaucer has done much for the advancement of English poetry. Before his time it was rude and uncultivated, and few expressed their thoughts in verse, or in any way improved its structure. French was the language of the court, the camp, the church, and was considered everywhere as the only polite language; to speak any other was to be ranked as a provincial.

Yet Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" contain 17,000 lines, written in the Anglo-Saxon tongue of that period, and that at a time when printing was unknown, and gunpowder was in its infancy. The effects of his rapid advancement in English verse will never die away, but will remain as a lasting glory as long as the English tongue is spoken.

The memory of Chaucer, as the founder of English rhythm, will never die in the hearts of those who love the early productions of the Muse; and respect will ever be paid to the genius of him who was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man—simplicity a child."

LUCIA.

THE DIFFICULTY OF ESTIMATING CHARACTER.

The human mind, so strange in its varieties, has elicited the truthful saying, "The proper study of mankind is man." Ever since his creation this has been true of man, and always will be while society exists. In infinite wisdom all men were made dissimilar, having peculiarities which should distinguish

each unmistakably. By this individuality every one presents to the world a new and unknown subject, unlike, in many respects, any being which has ever existed. The differentia which distinguishes the individual from all others of the great genus to which he belongs, makes him a fit object of careful consideration to the rest of his race. There is to every one an intuitive judgment of the character of others, although often without its expression or the analyzing of its justice; its frequent and signal failings only proving how hard it is to know aright human nature. Bitter experience has taught many how intricate is the task. The seeming friend has often proven the deadly enemy, nourished like a serpent in the bosom only to strike its fangs into the vitals, giving a sorrowful proof that the stars which shine brightest in the human character are often as meteors, which flash across the heavens and are gone, leaving no trace behind them of their former brilliance. Difficult as it is to characterize the private individual, much more does the public man baffle our best efforts. He may conceal from the great world his motives and his evil acts; or on the other hand, public and private enemies may sift and scatter to the winds the best and greatest name, when the man is the sport of the multitude—their idol or their victim. The world has been so often deceived that it looks with suspicion upon all who would claim its homage. It views the dark side rather than the light. As the vulture, which in its flight sees not the beauties of earth, but the decaying remains of mortality, the tongue of slander, which always finds itching ears, may ruin the best reputation and spoil the brightest fame. Οὕτως αταλαιπώρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔτοιμά μᾶλλον εἰσπύονται. The public has ever been a hard master, and he who entrusts his good name to its keeping is never sure of the issue. Changeful and uncertain as the wind, public opinion may laud him to the skies, and in turn consign him to infamy and disgrace. The admired hero of a great crisis has found him-

self the despised and persecuted victim of the sudden change which follows. To arrive at a firm and true judgment of character seems to the mind of the people a task unworthy the time and effort required, while it often scoffs, in its prejudice and ignorance, at one whose intellect and motives of action are too lofty for their appreciation. Gallileo must renounce the great truth which his gigantic mind alone could embrace; and Harvey is accounted unwise because he asserted a fact whose truth is now known and felt by every individual. Such are a few impediments in the way of him who would investigate the various attributes of human character. Such are a few causes for the erroneous opinions formed upon those whose actions demand a public scrutiny, the peculiar construction of the mind itself, making it a study worthy the energies of a higher order of being. A judgment at best human and liable to error, combined with passion and prejudice, which so often sway it, is called to decide upon one of its co-ordinates, composed of the same spiritual and corporeal properties whose commingling is so inexplicable. "*Quis animus sil, ipse animus nescit.*" Let him, therefore, who would judge others aright, first study the mysteries of his own nature, that he may know the magnitude of the task, and learn that charity which conscious weakness alone can impart, so that in judging others he condemn not himself.

INFLUENCE OF THE STUDY OF POETRY.

The influence of poetry extends in a greater or less degree to every intellectual production, whose aim is to please, instruct, or persuade man; and is not that of a mere superfluity or ornament, which delights the fancy by its lofty strains and peculiar style, but tends to improve every faculty of the mind

and vivify the spirit of literature. That its influence may be most favorable, the study of poetry should not consist in surfeiting the mind, by delving inconsiderately into all the literary productions of modern or classic authors, for much has indeed been written, the study of which instead of elevating would demoralize or weaken the very mental and ethical powers we would improve, and some poetry, though consonant with the character of the age to which it gave rise, cannot but have an evil tendency on the more refined and christianized taste of the present day. In considering the influence of this study, it may conveniently be regarded as exerted on the Taste, Will, and Morals, thus giving greater capacity to the exercise of the higher mental faculties.

First, in its *Æsthetic* relations and influences, the study of poetry which asserts the peculiar excellencies of genius, presents the noblest conceptions of imagination and the higher objects to which the spirit in its actions aspire. Here the art of God, as made manifest in the exhibition of his works around us, is not viewed through utilitarian spectacles, and regarded as good only so far as contributing to the necessities of life; the brook is not merely the power to move the mill; the plant for the apothecary; the sea for commerce; the starry firmament with all its beauties as simply a substitute, and that a poor one perhaps, for the King of Day, but the varied phases of nature are held up in such a vision of perfection, beauty and grandeur, by the poet, that the spirit bows in humility before the Author of Nature, and feels almost as deep a reference as when in the actual presence of his works. What can be more beautiful than that passage from the Forest Hymn of Bryant, where he says:

“ The groves were God’s first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

The influence of the study of poetry on our taste is intrinsically different from that of the study of other modes of expressing thought, even as the ornateness of the palace differs in its splendor from the rudeness of the peasant's hut. The faculties of the mind are so constituted as to be influenced by æsthetic properties in every object, and thus in poetry the lively images of fancy, decorated by the gorgeous coloring of language, and elevated thought and feeling as evinced by the poet, excite within us the warmest sentiments and emotions of delight, of which our nature is capable. How aptly may the influence on our feelings, experienced in contemplating the beauties of some grand poem of a master mind, be compared with that felt when we behold for the first time the exquisite structure and finish of a Grecian temple; the simplicity and graceful adaptedness of part to part, so that the effect of grandeur and completeness may be produced; the almost endless succession of quaint apartments containing grotesque images, relieved by the variety of light and shadow of fancy or passion, and showing more or less the predominant emotions of the poet, all require minute study to perceive the beauty of the grand yet withal simple idea of its architect, the poet. In the *Lalla Rookh* of Moore, we have a splendid example of this æsthetic influence. Again, the same influence may be compared to the interest with which we look on the picturesque variety of a landscape, the sterner phenomena blending with the softer features, and throwing the charm of consistency over every part, while the beauty lies not so much in detached portions as in the harmony of the whole, and we feel inspired with a higher life and more exalted ideas. Dante lights the torch of his imagination, and conducts us through

the realms of departed spirits, filling us with consternation at the dreadful realities of the lost. Moore takes his scenes from the warmer climes of the East, and fascinates us in his romances of the Orient. Byron, from experience, unfolds the fortunes of the hapless wanderer in his *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*. Shakspeare, by the comprehensiveness of his mind, fertility of imagination and range of observation, ennobles the nature of every student of his mighty genius; while our own poets—Longfellow, Bryant and Mrs. Sigourney—have received well-deserved laurels for the beneficial influence they have exerted on literature.

In the next place let us consider the influence of the study of poetry on the *will*, or that higher power of the intellect which it obeys and follows; and since this is the case, the effect of this study is all-important. What a powerful influence is brought to bear on the mind in this study: for its avenues are opened to no more welcome guests, nor is it governed by a more controlling force. As we trace the poet's thoughts and become almost identified with the nearly living characters of his fancy, he feel as he does, think as he thinks, and are excited by the same emotions; we are aroused or soothed; excited to gaiety or solemnity, according to the individual feeling governing him. No more sublime and touching incident of the influence of poetry on the will can be found than the scene in Shakspeare's *King John*, where Hubert is sent to put out the eyes of the young Arthur on account of jealousy, and who so beautifully appeals to his humanity and his own noble deeds that the softened heart of Hubert would not permit the consummation of the cruel deed. We may also perceive its regency over the will in the effect of Bruce's address, and other similar passages from the poets.

And lastly we come to the influence of the study of poetry on morality or the principles of ethics, which is one of its best

and noblest characteristics. The tone of virtue, truth and deep feeling, which study shows to exist in poetry, imparts to the mind new impulses to right action: the soul perceives new beauties in the right and good, and is not satisfied with the honors of this world, but lives the inhabitant of a sort of ideal world. Poetry teaches the highest truths of moral science, and inculcates the soundest lessons which are necessary to our happiness. It sounds the depth of the human heart, penetrates the hidden motives of action, overthrowing much of boasted human greatness.

Thus we see this influence, on some particular faculties, to be of a very important nature; hence the study of poetry should bear no small part in the education of the present day. Since such is the case, why is poetry and its study so little regarded? Instead of improving, the taste seems to decrease in refinement. We study it with less zeal and minuteness than we do other arts. Is it because, as Falstaff said of honor, "It could not set a leg or heal the grief of a wound;" because it does not contribute to the necessities of ordinary life, therefore the study of poetry should receive no attention? Shall we not partake of that portion of the tree of knowledge so fruitful in satisfying the craving desires of the cultivated mind, often a higher intellectual attainment, which can be satisfied with no other nourishment? It was the greatest accomplishment of the untutored ages of society, as well as now the crowning grace of literature.

The poets of a nation will generally be found to be the exponents of her morals, religion and prosperity; the height of the niche in the temple of fame which they occupy will evince the refinement, taste and manners of a people. The pencil, the chisel, the sword, with their achievements, showing the genius which wielded them, may no longer enrapture the gaze of admiring nations, but have perished by the crumbling finger of time; still the classic poets, long since laid beside the artist,

the sculptor and the warrior, yet live in the influence of their poetry, which shall last unobliterated till the time when the earth itself,

"And all it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Thus we have considered the refining influence of the study of poetry on our æsthetic and moral nature; awakening us to newer and truer life, revealing the higher thoughts and beauties of the inner world, and making the Poet

"The sacred historian of the heart,
And moral nature's lord."

BETA.

PRACTICAL CHARACTER.

Experience is a high recommendation. It does not need the usual props, introduction and reference, patronage and other aids which sustain too much of existing greatness; it is a mighty frankness and rejoices in its own worth. This stock is never mortgaged, yet some gamblers are eager for its bonds. Many inquiring minds have been searching for years after "the man for the times." The various published descriptions of such a model and practical man have scared most persons from imagining themselves possessed of any striking resemblance. The ideal is in every one's mind; but the search is still as fruitless as when the old philosopher went about to find his man.

Everybody thinks himself just the man for his own purposes: it is fortunate for fallen nature that it has self-esteem enough to raise its head and assert its independence. The blemishes of nature are too manifest to enable us to point out the representative individual. We shrink away when we are likely to be measured by the standard of a perfect man. The

best is too rigid and exacting. Our portraits are imaginative; we cannot find the needful excellence in human kind. We can only conclude that a wise and benignant Providence never designed to place perfection on earth. The true position is, that every man is bound to be a man for his day, and stamp his individuality upon the times.

The stirring times of this age seem to demand practical character. Everything incites to its development, and it becomes a necessary qualification to be of much account in the world. It is often surprising to notice our devotion to practical men. We feel safety under their guidance. We expect them to be controlling spirits; to be full of good counsel, and able to direct, so that it is only requisite to follow them to secure success. A working, skillful power is always commendable; it has its market value, but no lazy man can purchase energy enough at this stall. The foundations of activity must be deep-seated and original. To be sure, all men are at times in a flutter, and may possess resistless force in a certain crisis, but it is as sure that all have not the hopeful, sanguine temperament which is so clearly exhibited by the few. No one would wish to bequeath laziness to his posterity, yet many have it as a birth-right, and lead long, aimless lives; such may fill up gaps, since yawning is a part of their trade. But there must be an individual and independent faculty for the exercise and cultivation of active power. When in excess of judgment, it is ambition misapplied; when under the control of reason, it is an invigorating and energizing principle, which imparts force and vigor to the whole constitution. The development of a practical character from its fundamental grounds is easy and rapid. An enterprising spirit is only the result of well-directed energy. Its influence is forcible and extensive; it is a mighty driving power, which enlivens all the avenues of active life. This sort of character is of every-day necessity. We approve the man that turns his knowledge to useful and practical pur-

poses. In a degree, all our knowledge to be serviceable must be applied. This application, when right and successful, brings delight to ourselves and benefit to others. Some men are living examples of ceaseless toil; they are our men of action, and occupy a large and important place in the world. Their muscle drives onward human progress, whilst we admire and praise their indomitable perseverance. Skill and practice are not such wonderful and rare virtues, but the proper use of them so completely accomplishes the desired end that we often idolize them. We want a practical character to balance intellectual acquisitions. Here is a great source of failure. We are acquiring but we cannot get the coveted means of vitalizing our knowledge and making it sufficiently beneficial. Most students are filling up the cask, but have no outlet. The practical nature is the most difficult to manage. When, where and how to strike, are serious questions; a life spent in their consideration effects nothing. It is a highly useful thing for the growth of experience to apply and fail. To fizzle is of much use to an ambitious man; it purifies nature from many vanities, and upon the chastening power of failure and wounded pride she may build substantial hopes. We must get our experience from real work; each man must apply his own talents, for the accumulated experience of ages will scarcely make a wise man. To cultivate this useful element requires a union of thought and action. It seems difficult and perplexing when we have to begin life upon our own stock. How often would we wish to commence with the discretionary power of an old hero. But such covetousness is contrary to the display of our individual character. The only sure and successful way is to be in constant use, and keep our energies alive. The alternations of success and failure will give wisdom for the future. But our life is all trial; how much more needful, then, the rare union of sound judgment and well applied labor.

There is a tendency to develop practical character to such

an excess as to lose sight of the true principles which are the bases of our actions. Pay, interest and profit are absorbing ends. We desire to see utility in every object, and to regard practice as the chief good. We are prone to become too practical. We must theorize and speculate. Matter-of-fact men wrap up their little ability and penetrate too deeply into human nature. Many make immediate usefulness and feasibility the motives for undertaking any laudable effort. Bread and butter is an old song; we are sufficiently well tuned to look for profit. The pedlar and the tinker have seldom any other end than gain; the various other modes of business only look upon the community as their flock. We are taught in infancy the importance of sustaining life; if we grow up with no higher views, we are apt to look upon life as if the whole of it and its end was, only *to live*. "What is the use," enters as an important question. It has too much significance. It contracts our views of living, and limits our range of thought. Thus we sink into the lowest utilitarianism. It is not honorable to bring poor mortals to such a stand; we must have much useless labor to lay a foundation for great actions. This question more legitimately belongs to those who are acquainted only with the way to do business. The buyer and seller scarcely know anything else than traffic; that's their business, why should they not understand it? What falls in *their* line is their course of trade; their chief end of man is to buy and sell. We need just this class of practical men; their practice is very good, but their theory is most polluted. We must have such men as understand their trade; they have been born and educated in it, and they find their highest delight in debtor and cash. There is a higher usefulness, however, than measuring muslin or tying up tea and coffee. He takes a nobler view of life who makes his business subordinate to gaining knowledge. He develops his character more practically because he develops it more extensively. There is

not much room for speculation as regards subsistence. We must live, and men and things must contribute to our support. Here all are practical, and each one looks out for self. How mean is he who lives only for himself? He walks and talks and rides only because he gets profit. We instinctively shun him. He has none of the sympathy which marks a noble-minded, pure-hearted man. He pities men; this is his practical way. But he only pities because poor human nature is so badly off. Mankind does not need pity from fellow-creatures; it wants genuine sympathy, the kindly expression of a kindlier feeling. We would not exclude that heartfelt pity which feels sorrow at our fellows' distresses; we only exclude what is destitute of humane feeling. Practical character often loses the more honorable, because it is too frigid and emotionless; if we are poorly off, it only says, be prudent and economical, try and get along, and perhaps you may become better.

We believe that what is useful should be a prominent feature in every pursuit, yet there is a danger that it may become the principal one. Excessive usefulness is a fault of our times. Perhaps our rapid progress and great success lead to its development. The attention is too much absorbed by inquiries into the practicability of every measure. Truly this ought to be a matter of inquiry, and very exactly, but never so much as to warp the mind and make it mechanical. We ought to have speculation even in practice. The busy and noisy streets, the hurrying and anxious throng, the ceaseless rattle of carts and cars, the language and modes of business, serve to remind us that practical life must be expert. A generous business man is an object of admiration. He is sometimes so rarely met with that we at once mark him as a prodigy in the cold-hearted, calculating world. We are bent on turning things to profit; we grasp the little gains, and chuckle over our experience. We want to make every study practical.

Here he defeats the great ends of education who wants to see the useful; the practical does not go into the mind, it is only the effective working of the mind's stores. He who thus neglects the acquisition of knowledge under the delusions that it is not practical, must reject much that is valuable and play away upon his old material, if he has any, or, at best upon his *original* stock, till it loses all its polish. Can such a one ever become refined, elegant, accomplished? No; we must be ever laying the foundations to have a good practice. "Nothing comes out of the sack but what is in it." We must not then meet *every* idea on the threshold and inquire, What's the use?—but endeavor to assimilate the stranger and make him a useful companion. How poorly off would we be were we to be such harsh masters. The world would have no rubbish; nothing superfluous or tasty would delight us; man would be cut off from any cultivation but what was of direct advantage. "Beware of the dog," and "inquire at the office," have taught us the practical importance of attending to our own affairs. It sometimes seems as if we were about to post upon every thoroughfare of traffic; upon every manufacturer's door, to stare the laborer in the face and remind him of duty and passing moments; upon every parcel of merchandise; upon our charities and good manners and conversation the pointed inquiry, What's the use? It would be well to post it upon our vices; it is a sorry patch upon our virtues. We may thus inquire what is the use of anything, and shut out all but what has been tried. We must have our practical character, notwithstanding; it must be our working capital, what other men see. Inwardly, we must reason and reflect, embellish and chasten, that we may be useful to humanity. Society will be the better for the lives of such men devoted to it; mankind will be taught the complete duty of man, and the worthy and ennobling virtues practiced for the elevation of the depraved, and the dissemination of light and truth throughout a fallen world.

SAM.

BOREAS.

On the snow-clad peaks of the icy North,
Old Boreas now is mustering
His wingéd winds, his wailing winds,
So chilly, cold and blustering.

With icy breath they sweep in blasts
Around their royal "Blower,"
And soon prepared, in solid squares,
Down on the plains they lower.

The waving woods before them bow,
As subjects doing homage;
And all along their path is strewn
With the forest's faded foliage.

The ponds, the streams, the little brooks,
Reluctant veil their faces;
And muffled well, his homeward way,
The weary woodman traces.

The farmer's dame now lists and hears
The rough blast as it blusters;
And knowing well who's drawing near,
She closely binds the shutters.

The blazing fires begin to glow,
Those friendly, warm regalers;
That help us all to keep at bay
These roaring, rushing railers.

Then oh, the pranks these rude winds play,
Upon young ladies' dresses;
And now and then, they even say,
They love to toss their tresses.

But when the sun refulgent shines,
Old Boreas stops his bellows,
And merrily then our voices ring
Upon the glassy meadows.

ON A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

Whether the dead languages should be studied, is with us no subject of dispute. We leave it to professed utilitarians, gentlemen who have much to say respecting the shortness of life and the wide range of *practical* knowledge. These, by the way, are amazingly consistent. For the most part they are charmingly ignorant of the learning they depreciate. We all agree in our estimate of classical studies, and endorse the argument in the first October article.

We are, however, greatly interested in another question. How shall the Classics be read? Or, as the teacher directs the pursuits of the pupil, how should instruction in this field be conducted? In practice there are two views of teaching which seem to be extremes. One is, that classic authors are read in college simply for the matter. Hence as soon as grammatical knowledge sufficient for elementary works has been acquired, the instructor need no longer give his attention to making his scholar a proficient in idioms and derivations and changes in meanings and niceties of expression. The student will acquire them by often meeting them. Just as features seen even a few times permanently fix themselves in memory's portrait gallery. In fact, as one might suppose, this theory fails for the reason that too much is left optional with the learner. The intrinsic interest of the subject will tempt very few to pursue the theme of modal interchange, or to ascertain the exact distinction between *μὴ* and *οὐ*. Few care enough about the philosophy of language to inquire why *utor* is followed by the ablative. Consequently, if the above and innumerable other and kindred disagreeable topics be never brought forward in the class-room, the student will repose in calm indifference and happy unconsciousness of them. And here is the failure. For, after all, a thorough acquaintance with the grammar is the only open door to a satisfactory reading of a classic author.

It is a misconception or abuse of this true principle which gives rise to the counter theory; which is that the Greek and Latin authors of most (if not all) the course are read only for grammatical drill. And how does this work with the collegian who happens to be the subject of a treatment in accordance with this view? Let Homer be the author. Now our youth has heard much of Homer, the father of epic song. He has just been reading Horace—with little satisfaction, if the manner of instruction has been the same; nevertheless he has read him—and has met with laudation of Homer,

Qui, quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

There is also the unanimous verdict of cultivated men—a verdict of which no one, who has heard Homer's name, can be ignorant. So the boy forms great expectations, and anticipates incalculable pleasure from reading (say the) *Iliad*. He has some notions in regard to literary culture, and hopes to find his judgment and tastes awakened and somewhat disciplined. In short, he expects to pass through a collection of splendid word-paintings. In his crude opinion, the instructor is a kind chaperone, who will show him what to admire and why; who, himself a lover, will lose no opportunity of singing the charms of his love. But, once begun, the unsophisticated discovers his mistake. His fancy had misled him. Experience teaches him that the sole end of his study is to make him a linguist—that is, an adept in roots and particles, in contractions and conjugations, and similar lore. As this truth is unfolded he ceases to wonder that he never hears the explanatory remarks and delightful little comments of which, in his simplicity, he had dreamed. At first he was amazed at the un-failing curiosity of his teacher as to the derivation of *ἡλίου* and the place of *σύστημα*. Then follows indifference to the entire thing; and then dislike and absolute disgust. About this

time if asked his opinion of the author, unless under strong self-control, the former tyro replies in terms clearly embraced by that genus which good little boys denominate 'bad words.' Oh! if the shades trouble themselves with sublunary things, well may the Father of Song groan beneath the unmerited anathemas heaped upon his name.

The reader's ob't servant once expressed these views to the Rev. Napoleon B. Drillemwell, who keeps the Academy over in Bear Creek. The preceptor fixed his gaze full upon us and asked, "Sir, must the teacher furnish brains?" Disconcerted by the fierceness of his eye, we could only request him to explain. "If," said he, "there are so many beauties and sublimities and all that sort of thing—I never thought so—in these old writers, won't the student recognize and appreciate them without aid? "Some, he might," we ventured to say, "but a reasonable appreciation involves the possession of taste and critical skill which very things classical education is designed to cultivate." "But college education wasn't intended for any such thing. It merely opens up a way to culture by giving a man power to push forward his own studies after leaving the walls of Alma Mater." "Something more than power is needed," said we. "How many, for their own improvement and pleasure, will voluntarily resume studies which, in their minds, are inseparably associated with drudgery and stereotyped vexation?"

Is there any method of teaching which will steer clear of the difficulties arising from both these views when brought into practice? There is. It lies between the extremes. *Aurea Mediocritas*. But does the power of teaching thus come from nature, or is it an art to be acquired? It comes from nature even as Dogberry's writing and reading.

Editor's Table.

AFTER making his best bow, and kindly thanking his readers for his position, the Editor opens his budget and discourses as follows: Without an appetite we have no desire for the most wholesome and delicious food, and without some inconvenience no pleasure can be appreciated, and now as the November Editor gathers his gown around him for the last time as the Editor, he fully enjoys the peace of conscience which speaks of duty done.

From the choicest productions of the greatest minds—in College—the Editor has chosen what might seem neither inappropriate to the occasion, nor unbecoming to the character of the Mag., and which might be both agreeable to the faculty of taste and productive of intellectual pleasure and profit.

The Class of '62, in taking the Mag. into their hands, determined to carry it on and carry it through, and the cordial sympathy of the other classes encouraged us in our work, and to-day we find ourselves able to get out all the numbers, with a subscription large out of all proportion to former lists, when we remember how diminished our numbers are.

The College world moves on as soberly as the earth itself, and as one from a distance sees no change in a star, so we might be tempted to think no change was going on here, but experience denies the proposition. Here we are, changing day by day, moulding the soft clay of which we first made into repulsive or attractive, good or evil forms. The boyish simplicity by degrees changes into the discreet judgment of the man. Our authors change, from Mrs Strickland and Bancroft, we come to Macaulay, Hallam and Hamilton; our friends change, as we grow in years and wisdom, we change the friends of one year for those of the next. Yes, we all change, but the College remains the same; dear old College, here we have spent some of our happiest days; may its name never recall ought but pleasing recollections. And as we talk of change, we change along from thing to thing, from self to the Mag., then to the Class, then to self—in its large

sense—again. We *will* think about self, we can't help it, we wouldn't be men, if we didn't, but selfishness—the abuse of this feeling—is here little seen, little felt. We live like a large family, whose various members meet but twice a day, when the winged prayers ascend—a family where friendship reigns and envy is well nigh unknown. We rise together, pray together, read our morning paper, and go through all the family duties in proper style, never failing in the duty of knowing all that is knowable about every body and thing in College. Every thing that occurs is talked of in our walks, canvassed at our meals, and discussed by our lamps. No College *news* are expected from the Editor. "What we want," he has been told, "is a clever recital of what has happened." Well, what has happened? No war news; oh, yes! we have got through examination. (Now for the clever recital.) The month which has lately waned, removed an incubus, which weighed the more heavily in proportion as the time drew nigh in which it was to be thrown aside; the dreaded quarterly examination has gone and we are here; could we have hoped for better fortune?

Then, on October 17 came our grand review; the day was broken by discharges of cannon—so we are told—and soon the soul-stirring drum and the trump that speaks of fame, had roused from their humble homes of ease and luxury the brave son of Mars, who, girding on his trusty armor, hied him to the place of gathering. "Ah, then and there were running to and fro" of small boys to see the soldiers, and of larger and older boys too, and "when music rose with its voluptuous swell," the swell of a captain ordered the brave defenders of their country's rights to march, etc., etc., till in the afternoon they were reviewed by an Adjutant-General, or Commodore; when evening threw its "many spangled garb" across the azure vault, they were no more, for they had disbanded and gone home. Soldiers suggest war, and the war suggests the question, What have we idlers to say of the combatants? Simply and solely this, that our every wish and hope and prayer is theirs; may the God of lattles justify us in our appeal to arms by grand, triumphant success.

The photographer, Mr. Johnson, has come, and has met with unusual success in taking the handsome and intellectual Class of '62.

Another of our College friends has left: Howard J. Reeder, of Easton, Pa., has gone to the wars. He leaves many friends here; may he find enough new ones to compensate for their loss. Our friend Edward S. Moffat, son of our late and loved Professor in Greek, has also joined the hosts of freedom.

The donor of the trifling sum of five cents to the Lit. will be comforted by knowing that, after testing it, the Editor used it to pay the postage to Newark on "Secession Newspapers."

We understand that a branch of the Millerites has been established in College, and that the various ceremonies, including music and dancing, are daily and nightly performed in 13 N.

Our sanctum is now adorned by a very fine map of Virginia, 2x4, presented to the Editor by J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, N. Y., who, by the way, can just get up the right thing in way of maps.

The College is not yet bereft of all military spirit; a large and enthusiastic company of over 100 has been enrolled, although not yet completely organized. The soldier can't get along without music, neither can the Senior—he must have music in chapel or he can't speak; and for this reason an able and accomplished College band has been formed, under the leadership of Mr. D. M. Helm, of Pa., which promises to speak well for itself soon.

Gentle reader, we have done; we have done our best to cater to your taste, and to do our duty by you. You will ever be remembered as a friend, to whom may be intrusted our little work, with the assurance that, through the spectacles of kindness, you will look upon the omissions, errors and faults of

THE EDITOR.

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NOVEMBER,	.	.	C. E. WEBSTER, Pa.
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TREASURER,			L. MERRELL, N. J. 3

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EXCHANGES.

Harvard Magazine for October and November ; Yale Literary Magazine.